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Presenting The Living Light philosophy and
features of interest to spiritually-minded people.



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Looking Ahead

by Richard P. Goodwin

In our experiences throughout our life, we are ever faced in the eternal moment of looking backward or looking forward. And so it is, we find ourselves in a constant state of consciousness of associating with experiences that have already passed in our life. As all experiences in life are a direct effect of levels of consciousness or attitudes of mind, those experiences which have passed in our life have come to us in keeping with the law of attraction, have served their purpose, and gone from us if we will permit that to be. Unfortunately, in our day-to-day activities we frequently associate the present experience with that which has passed,

and in so doing, we make a judgment concerning the experience we are presently facing. By establishing that judgment within our consciousness, we come under the law that governed the experience of yesterday.

And so it is that we go on in life repeating again, and again, and again the experiences of the past. However, as we grow in the light and understanding of how these laws work, we should be filled with the vibration of hope and goodwill for the efforts that are being made by levels of consciousness within us that we are not often consciously aware of.

As we repeat these multi-

LOOKING AHEAD

tudes of experiences of yesterday through the law of repetition, change is made possible. And so oftentimes in spite of ourself, change is taking place. We are in truth evolving, for we are an inseparable part of all nature and all nature is evolving and refining. But we can make this evolution, that in spite of our thought will continue to evolve, we can make it more harmonious, and more joyous, and more filled with peace and goodwill for ourself by first recognizing and then accepting the simple laws that govern our own universe. As material science is moving forward in their understanding of the electromagnetic field in which all forms are moving and breathing, as medical science in its early stages is using electricity to help certain diseased parts

... as medical science in its early stages is using electricity to help certain diseased parts of our physical body, they will soon discover that each and every thought that man entertains in his consciousness releases from his own aura electrical impulses that have either a beneficial or a detrimental affect upon his own body. . .

of our physical body, they will soon discover that each and

every thought that man entertains in his consciousness releases from his own aura electrical impulses that have either a beneficial or a detrimental affect upon his own body, which is a part of nature, and upon all of nature as a whole. As each thought releases this electric energy, and each feeling associated with it releases a magnetic vibration into the universe, so the law is ever demonstrated for all of life's form — that like attracts like and becomes the law of attachment. For any of us to change any experience at any-time, we must first accept that the experience is an effect, that we and we alone in our own errors in our thought have set that experience into motion by our own attitude of mind.

When we begin to recognize and accept that simple truth, we then become the masters of our destiny, and the captains of our ship. That, my friends, is our divine birthright. The only thing that controls us is what we permit to control us in our own thought and in our own belief. To be in the world and never a part of the world, to be with anything and never a part of the thing is known as true freedom. That freedom is the fullness and the goodness of
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A WANDERER

in the

SPIRIT LANDS

by Franchezzo

THE STORY OF BENEDETTO—PLOTTERS AGAIN BAFFLED

CHAPTER XXIV

Continued from last issue—

I assented to the proposed journey, and after a short but very rapid flight we found ourselves hovering over a wide lagoon upon whose dark bosom there floated a great city, its towers and palaces rising from the waters, and reflected in them as in a mirror of black marble veined with dark red lines that somehow made me feel they were streams of blood flowing through it. Overhead there hung the same dark pall of cloud lighted by the patches of steel grey and fiery red floating vapor which I had noticed in the other city. The appearance of this place suggested to me that we must be about to enter the Venice of these lower spheres, and on my saying so to Faithful

Friend he answered: "Yes, and you will here find many celebrated men whose names were written on the history of their times in letters of fire and blood."

We now found ourselves in the town, and proceeded to pass through its principal canals and squares in order that I might see them.

Yes, there they were, these degraded counterparts of all those beautiful places made familiar by the brush of the artist and the fame of those who have carved for themselves a niche in the Temple of History. There flowed the canals, seeming like dark crimson streams of blood flowing from some vast shambles, washing and rippling up the marble steps of the palaces to leave there a thick foul stain.

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LOOKING AHEAD

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life itself. But that does not come to us easily because long ago it did not leave us easily. Ignorance is born in strife and struggle, reason and common sense is born when we are still and at peace that we may see objectively the simple laws that govern not only our life, but that govern all of life.

It is the very purpose of the founding of this church and the Serenity Association, to bring to all mankind who are seeking a better way in life, to bring them the revealed laws of nature, but it's up to each and everyone to make the effort to understand them and to apply them. To study any law of life and not to apply it is of no benefit to any of us, but to become aware of the law being set into motion at any moment by our own mind, is to mark a course in the universe that will bring us home to that state of consciousness known as heaven, in the here and the now. For no matter where we go in life we will never go away from what we have created, but we can create something new and more beautiful — it is up to us. We establish the law for our day by the first thought and attitude of mind that we awaken to. Think of what we have within in our grasp — it is

ever up to us.

Self-control is truly freedom. The ability to control that which is our divine right to control, the vehicle that our soul is using in this earthly experience. This vehicle, this human, physical, and mental body, is not the responsibility of anyone else. It is our responsibility — it is ours — we have earned and merited it through untold stages of evolution prior to this earth experience, and it is up to us to keep it working in the way in which the divine laws of nature intended it to work. It is the effect, our physical body, of our own attitude, and if we are not happy with the body that our soul merited in this

*We establish the law for
our day by the first thought
and attitude of mind that
we awaken to.*

earthly experience, it is only because we have yet to understand the laws that we established in the many incarnations prior to this one.

Looking ahead is only possible through the faculty of hope. And so man is always hoping for something, but hope without the effort to establish the laws to fulfill it is of no value. We can hope for many things and the many

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Visitors' Views

"Very enjoyable, open and loving." — S.K.

* * * * *

"Refreshing and interesting."

* * * * *

"Touching is learning is understanding. Your services and presentation are touching." — M.A.S.

* * * * *

"It did me good in my depression, to be reminded that there really are spiritual laws that can work to my good." — J.W.

* * * * *

"I feel the service is a helpful and focusing addition to each person's life. Any vibrational uplifting and reinforcing experience with the Spirit makes my life easier and I'm sure for my Brothers and Sisters. God bless." — A.W.

"Thank you for the encouraging message and good vibrations." — M.B.

* * * * *

"This was my first visit. I enjoyed it so much. I wish I lived close so I could attend every week." — J. T.

* * * * *

"I felt the billet reading was outstanding." — P. R.

* * * * *

"Your service is one of a free feeling. I hope to come across many more. Thank you." — L. R.

* * * * *

"I bless you all for the opportunity to share this most lovely day. I will cherish this always. I live in Carmel and I'm a little sad that I can't be here physically, however, my spirit is here now always." — G.

LOOKING AHEAD

continued from page 5

things for which we hope they do not appear in our universe because the laws we have established are contrary to our hopes and aspirations. But we can change those laws, for that is the divine free will that we have merited in this earthly experience.

As we make this effort when we awaken each day, to set the law into motion to bring us the fullness, the goodness, and the joy of life that day, and as we close our eyes in so-called sleep, and we make the effort to establish the level of consciousness which is an effect of our attitude of mind, we may rest in the peace that is our right. So often we think when we go to sleep that we are unconscious in some state of limbo, but science gradually is becoming more and more aware we are not in some state of limbo when we are experiencing what we call sleep — we are very active in different dimensions and we enter those dimensions by the law, the attitude of our own mind.

It is said "whatever we place our attention upon we have a tendency to become" — so we must start with our own thought, our own feelings, what we believe, and why we believe it. Is the thought that

we have in this moment, is it our thought? Or, are we only receiving sets receiving the

... we are not in some state of limbo when we are experiencing what we call sleep — we are very active in different dimensions and we enter those dimensions by the law, the attitude of our own mind.

strongest thought being broadcast at any moment in the universe? Think of that, my friends. You know the effect upon your lives of so-called advertising, but are you aware yet of the effect upon your lives from not being aware of yourself, and knowing from whence cometh your own thoughts? Are they bringing you what you are seeking, or are they bringing you the opposite? Will the new year be a year of goodness and greatness for you? That, of course, is up to all of us. It will be for us what we will allow it to be. Our life is ever in keeping with what we will allow. It is our denials in life that establish our destiny. And so as we deny the right of another, we in truth deny ourself. As we look to others and seek what they have earned, we deny what is waiting for us that we have earned.

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Views of Our Heavenly Home

by Andrew Jackson Davis

CHAPTER X — WONDERFUL SCENES IN THE SUMMERLAND

Continued from last issue—

Answer.— Let us first understand one another. In the book "Stellar Key," when speaking of the atomic emanations ascending from the "human family," I did not intend that the reader should think that reference was made solely to the population of our particular earth. For the truth is that all of the races of men who are living on the several globes in our "island solar system," are equally and unreservedly taxed, physiologically speaking; and thus all human natures everywhere throughout the earths of the sixth circle are compelled, under the prompt demands of chemical laws (for these laws are merciless tax-gatherers), to deliver up with every tick of the watch a portion of their atomic substance. These uni-

versal and incessant emanations, like the ethereal dew-drops of insensible perspiration, in total weight cannot be less than eight hundred millions of tons per annum. And the speed and precision with which these taxes — these humanized atoms of elements in the human body — fly off to their celestial destinations, is far more wonderful than any miracle reported in Christianity. A series of chemical changes thus incessantly occur between every human body and the physical constitution of the Summerland! To my eyes they seem like a fire running along countless trains of gunpowder. And yet so perfectly and absolutely natural, so still, so inwrought and un-deviatingly common (or ordinary) is all this, that not a person, unless sensitive as a

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LOOKING AHEAD

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Let us look within and not without. Let us rise up within our own consciousness and firmly declare the principle of life, of love, and light, for that is our true birth. That we may once again take control of our destiny, that we may truly once again be the captains of our ship through the universes, for time on earth is very short — the days go quickly, and the years pass very fast. And before we blink we find ourselves in another world. Oh, it's not so different than the one we're in. The only difference is we are not limited by a physical body to try and move around in the universe, we are just limited by our own thought as we are here. We limit ourselves, no matter what we seek, by our denial of our right to it. We have many mental justifications why we have not yet attained the success that we have sought. We have many excuses why we don't have what we have worked so hard for. And those are the things that are keeping us from experiencing it. It is stated by all true philosophies that all things are possible to God. But as long as we believe in a God that is somewhere off in the universe, someplace, that gives to one and takes from another, then we are controlled by that

false belief. All things are possible to all people who accept their divine birthright that God is within them. But because God is within us, the

*As we look to others and
seek what they have earned,
we deny what is waiting for
us that we have earned.*

God within us is only limited by our thought. The God within someone else is not limited by your thought, but by that person's thought.

*We limit ourselves, no matter
what we seek, by our denial
of our right to it.*

I assure you, the only obstruction to the absolute awareness of the simplicity of truth, the only obstruction, is the judgments of our own mind based upon the experiences of our own past. There is no other limitation, there is no other obstruction — it is only our thought. But because it is our thought that has created the veil between us and the eternal life that is here this moment, because it is our thought that has done it, because it is ours, we can change it. We have the right to change that which is ours, and our thought is ours. No matter what anyone says, no matter

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nvocation

Thank you, God, for the freedom to choose our thoughts, and for the light of

reason to illuminate our choice.

eading

It is frequently possible to be in a level of consciousness in which there is no light of reason because the self and self-related interests stand in the light. When thoughts are self-related they act as a shield to the light of reason — shielding the rays from reaching the conscious mind. However, when the thoughts of self and self-related interests are balanced with thoughts of another's interest, a greater purpose, then the light of reason can and does shine upon the conscious mind. It is only when self-related interests are balanced with a higher purpose that the soul faculty of reason can be experienced.

It is the soul which is the source of reason; it does not come from something outside

of ourselves. As a faculty of the soul, its effect is experienced and expressed by the mind, but it is the soul that is the source of reason.

Therefore, if there is to be reason expressed in the form of common sense, compromise, standing on principle, or apology, to name a few expressions, the self-thinking, self-related interests must bow to something greater. This bowing is what is referred to as the "gift of self" and it is the greatest gift we can give. It is the surrendering of our own "self" thoughts, self interests and motives which constitutes freedom from the bondage of our limited self and self-related thinking. It is when we "switch off" the mind for an instant by pausing that the light of reason shines.

enediction

"May we see the truth revealed in our thoughts, acts,

and deeds." — The Living Light.

Today's View of Past Frontiers

REV. THOMAS GRIMSHAW

Article taken from CENTENNIAL BOOK OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA

Born at Darwin, Lancashire, England, November 17, 1866, this grand and noble man passed to his eternal home, New Year's Day 1938.

At 7 years of age his mother departed this life, leaving him, from that moment on, wholly dependent upon his own resources. Deprived of an education in schools, his studious nature and great love of good books, coupled with the assistance of his spirit teachers, made of him an outstanding educator. At 20, he became greatly interested in Spiritualism, was entranced at the first Circle he attended rapidly unfolding both mental and physical mediumship. In two years he appeared before some leading English Spiritualist Societies as a Speaker. His spirit teachers guided his course, as per their promise to him.

In 1890 he came to America, first serving the New England States, and for many years, as pastor of the following churches in turn: First Spiritualist Church of Pittsburgh, Pa.; First Spiritualist

Assoc. of St. Louis, Mo.; California Churches for 2 years; First Church of Spirit Healing and Central Spiritualist Church of Chicago, Ill.; First Spiritualist Church of Detroit, Mich. Still he found time to appear at important Mass Meetings, Camps and Conventions. It was always a delight to hear him in the various symposiums for no one was better informed than he on Mediumship and its Law or on the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

Mr. Grimshaw was a delegate to the Convention which organized the National Spiritualist Assoc. at Chicago, in 1893, attending all Conventions thereafter, except one. From 1903 until his passing he served the N.S.A. continuously as an Officer, first as Trustee and later as Vice-Pres.

Seeing the lack of opportunities for preparation as platform workers that confronted the young aspirants in our movement he brought this to the attention of the delegates at the 1922 Convention; they seemed to realize the
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NEWS and VIEWS

by Beverly Houser*

There are experiences in life which stand out as "special" experiences because of an accompanying "never to be forgotten" feeling of awe and humbleness in face of the tremendous impact that the experience has upon us. Some of these experiences may have such an impact that there is a transformation of the individual, a change of attitudes, a growth spurt, or a puncturing of intellectual resistance to something beyond the intellect. Typically, the experiences occur rarely but suddenly, are timely, are accompanied by a deep knowing which confirms externally what we know internally, cannot be explained logically or rationally, and are personal to the individual. They may involve a timely encounter, a sudden solution to a problem, or a premonition which thereafter occurs.

C. G. Jung (1)* explains these experiences as "synchronistic events" which have "meaningful coincidence" and

are a connection between inner and outer worlds. Dr. Jean Shinoda Bolen, M.D. has written a book entitled, "The Tao of Psychology: a Synchronicity and the Self." In her review of the book(2)*, she uses the term "synchronicity" to mean "the link between two events that are connected through their meaning, a link that cannot be explained by cause and effect." Jung believed that since "synchronistic events" are expressed symbolically, as are dreams, "they have a common connection in the collective unconscious." Dr. Bolen believes that "synchronicity is the connecting principle (when cause and effect are eliminated by the impossibility of any rational explanation) between our psyches and an external event, in which we feel an uncanny sense of inner and outer being linked."

Spiritualists explain these "special" experiences as demonstrations of natural laws, i.e., the law of personal responsibility — that it is our thoughts that create our experiences which are merely effects that we recognize our responsibility for when we become aware of ourselves and our thoughts. "The Living Light" philosophy teaches

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TODAY'S VIEW OF PAST FRONTIERS

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great need of a Bureau of Education, and Dr. Warne, Pres. of the N.S.A., immediately appointed Mr. Grimshaw as Superintendent. With the assistance of Hon. Mark A. Barwise the Correspondance Course of the N.S.A. was compiled. This was a great step forward, and too much credit cannot be given Mr. Grimshaw. His educational contribution to the movement has proven of more value than any endowment of cash or property. There are many who feel he ranked next to Andrew Jackson Davis in wisdom and spirit learning.

In 1924 Thomas Grimshaw became the third Principal of Morris Pratt Institute. Here he stressed the teaching of the Science, Philosophy and

Religion of Modern Spiritualism, Comparative Religions, Lives and Ideas of the Great Philosophers, Higher Criticism of the Christian Bible, Mediumship, with other pertinent subjects.

Quiet and unassuming, he never attempted to dominate despite his great knowledge of the work, but met all questioners with wise counsel, all problems with calmness and good judgment. His kindness and understanding endeared him to all, alike.

Rev. Thomas Grimshaw was the essence of sincerity, an efficient minister, lecturer, writer, conversationalist and educator, one who in his self-effacing, gentle way has done more to promote the Cause of Spiritualism in America than we as yet realize.

ALWAYS

There is good in everyone
It is always there
Perhaps it doesn't show
So you do not know
But it is always there.

Treat it with a little love
Water it with care
And it surely will bloom into
A reflection of the goodness in you
For it is always there.

— Beverly Houser

From a death-sleep of years, Ahriziman awakens to savage shouts!

The Strange Story *of*

by Anita Silvani

AHRINZIMAN

PART II — CHAPTER I

THE AWAKENING IN THE ABYSS OF INFERNO

Continued from last issue—

As I shrank back in horror from their clumsy, ferocious embraces they began to assail me with cries of anger and savage blows, shrieking out to me to look at myself and see in what respect I differed from them, by what right I dared to hold aloof from such good company?

Rousing myself by a mighty effort of my will from

the trance-like spell which bound me, I sprang up from the hard rock whereon I lay, and hurling aside the nearest of my assailants rushed from the dark cave along a narrow passage to a wide plain that lay beyond. As I fled I heard the wild crew whom I had left begin a violent quarrel among themselves, which for the moment caused me to be forgotten.

CHAPTER II — IN THE INFERNO; THE VALLEY OF THE GENII

For a short time I felt myself hurried onward, I could neither see nor guess where. I appeared to glide over the ground and float in the air, impelled forward by some unseen force. Then my journey was suddenly arrested, and I found myself standing in a wide misty valley, shut in by dark, lofty hills which rose on

every side, while above my head thick clouds of inky vapor hung like a funeral pall. Dark forms of gigantic stature hovered around me with outstretched wings, their dimly outlined forms being those of men, while their wings were shaped like those of mighty birds. Impalpable as smoke wreaths were they, and yet

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

distinct as figures carved from tinted glass, and as transparent. As these phantom forms floated to and fro around me they crossed and recrossed each others' paths, mingling their dark bodies like streams of vapor, yet each emerging from the contact in as perfect a form as though they had been made of iron. Some of these beings were of enormous size, and bore the impress of individual intelligence in their faces, while others were diminutive and attenuated in figure, and almost vacant in expression.

At first these figures were seen by me as through a curtain of dark mist, but even while I gazed on them I felt the same curious impression of curtain after curtain of gauzy vapor being raised around me which I had felt on awakening in the cavern, and one by one the features and forms of these hovering shapes became distinct to me.

I saw that each figure bore upon its forehead a tiny Star, like a spark of light, each of a different color, and the shadowy robes which enveloped each form seemed to glitter like the many colored scales upon a dragon's body in the dull glow of light from these tiny Stars, while the outstretched wings that were in

shape like unto the wings of a bird were as gossamer and transparent as a spider's web.

As the mists around me rose and floated like clouds away I noticed that all around me there was a circle of these strange beings, not so large as were many of the others, yet huge hovering phantoms compared to my own stature. To my surprise I saw that the features of each bore so close a resemblance to my own that they looked like replicas of myself, only the expression was different in each case, and represented each the influence of a different passion, even as each phantom shape differed in size and in the color emitted from its tiny Star.

One which bore a pale white light was small, and seemed at times to melt almost away. Another, whose light was green was also small, and something whispered to me that these represented, the first the quality of unselfishness, and the second the passion of envy. The Star of a third was yellow; a fourth's pale blue; a fifth's lilac; a sixth's purple; while the seventh Star was a deep crimson red. The Genie with the purple Star was large and towered above his fellows, and to my thoughts he symbolized the boundless ambition that

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Dictionary of The Living Light Philosophy



Boredom means there is a lack of interest.

Eighty first level of consciousness is the essence, the principle, the Divine, or God.

Freedom — It is an effect of the control of the thoughts and the feelings of our mind. You take control of all thought and your first experience is a great stillness, and from that a peace, from that a freedom. Freedom means not bound. It means without limit.

Guilt — Desire is the Divine Expression. To deny that expression is to create what is known to your mind as a frustration, as a guilt.

Illness or disease in the physical body is a revelation of a lack of energy properly flowing through that part of the human anatomy. There is an obstruction in that part of the body to the natural harmonious flow of Infinite Intelligent Energy. Whenever you experience an affliction, a so-called disease in any part of your body, through an objective study of the anatomy and what it represents, spiritually and mentally, you can easily determine where the problem lies in consciousness.

Self — The moment that we identify with any particular thought, "self" is born. It is the process of identifying that limits our consciousness and shrinks our world into a very limited struggling and suffering experience.

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

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grasps at Royal Power. The Crimson Star upon the brow of the seventh Genie glowed like a living coal, and the fierce murderous gleam in the bloodshot eyes, the tiger-like ferocity of his expression, told me at once that here was the embodiment of the passions of hatred and revenge and murder. Equal in size unto the Genie of Ambition, this being was even more instinct with vitality and power. Near to this seventh Spirit there hovered a grey and almost shapeless form, with shrouded head and veiled face, that like an attendant shadow dogged the footsteps of the Genie of Revenge and followed every movement that it made. This grey shape, vague as yet and featureless, almost formless and half created, I knew to be Remorse, whose shadow ever haunts Revenge, but whose whisperings are ever powerless to stay his hand.

And as I gazed upon the wavering, circling figures of these embodiments of man's passions, a voice again breathed to my Soul the interpretation.

"Behold now these, the attendant Genii of thy life, who symbolize each a passion of thy Soul. Born into life when thou wast born; fed and

sustained by the life of thy passions; destined to grow or to fade, to endure or to perish, according to the strength of the vitality and power with which thou hast supplied them. Look upon them well, and ask thyself whether they shall be thy servants or whether thou shalt yield thyself unto them as a slave; whether thou shalt rule them or they shall rule thee. Turn thine eyes from the contemplation of thine own passions and see the structures which have been reared by the passions and desires of other men. For, behold! Thou art in the Phantom Valley of the Genii of men's Souls, and around thee are the mighty works which the ambitions, the greed, the jealousy and the anger, the envy and the hatred, the despair and the hope, the selfishness and unselfishness of myriads of men have created, to endure as monuments of their past lives long after they who created them shall have passed on to other spheres. The true Genii whom men call to their aid are but these embodiments of the passions of mankind; the power they wield is but the resistless force of the great ocean of thought waves which ebb and flow to and from the Earth continually, and bear man to sorrow or

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The building of the temple of progressive redemption —

THE

PENETRALIA

BEING HARMONIAL ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

Continued from last issue—

by Andrew Jackson Davis

QUESTIONS ON THE MARTYRDOM OF JESUS

Do you mean to teach that spirits are helping man to build this temple?

Yes; it is yet going through the process of erection; every man here, and every angel yonder, is a builder. When men come into the higher rooms, then they draw close to the region where communications are both easy and natural. Spiritual men are no longer believers. By actual experience, spirits communicate with the sons of men. Every one, disposed to be in harmony with these principles, is a builder of the temple of

progressive redemption. We have but little to do with the past; only so far as it sheddeth instruction. The past is fixed eternally; no man can alter it. No praying, no preaching, no spiritual device, can possibly erase an action or efface the history of an institution. The great point is, to live from this hour in reference to the symmetrical erection of the Spiritual Temple. Men will be beautiful and happy in proportion as they regulate their existence by the Twelve Commandments.

QUESTIONS ON THE MYTHS OF MODERN THEOLOGY

My thoughts were meditating upon the unutterable splendor and unchangeable order of the Universe. I was thinking how ten thousand

times ten thousand orbs were shining in the still depths of immensity — each in its own beautiful sphere — each performing its duties in the great

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THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

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to joy, to good or evil deeds according as he chooses to commit himself to one or the other of the mighty currents of passion that sweep around the Soul. These Genii live in these waves of passionate thought as fish swim in the sea. Were they transported to where the fiercer passions no longer sway the Soul they must perish and dissolve like vapor in the sun. Yet here upon the great Earth Plane they have a distinct existence, and they act and re-act upon man, suggesting thoughts to him, even as a higher intelligence, be it good or evil, shall direct them. Soulless and perishable, no more material than the thoughts men breathe, they yet possess a mighty power over those who yield themselves unto their passions.

"Hast thou considered how great, how enduring, is the power of a single thought sent forth to influence the lives of all to whose minds it is repeated? If so, canst thou wonder that the thoughts, the passions, the desires of man, should thus become endowed with an almost independent life, and become in this etherialised atmosphere almost material beings? Think on these things, for in the life that lies before thee now thou

shalt again be called upon to choose thy path, to be the architect of thine own Destiny, and as thou shalt suffer the one or the other of thy passions to sway thee, so shall thy pathway turn to Darkness or to Light, to Heaven above or to the depths of Hell below."

The voice ceased. I gazed around me and perceived that the valley was full of light. The mists were gone, and around me on every side rose Palace after Palace of colossal size, yet aerial and transparent as the fleecy clouds upon a summer sky, rainbow hued, and glistening in the dazzling light that now filled the valley, till they looked like fairy palaces in a dream. The delicate pillars, the graceful porticoes, the golden gates, the snow white roofs, all distinct and clear yet fragile as a gossamer and aerial as rainbow tinted vapor. Vast beyond the power of sight to follow appeared the confines of this valley. Stretching onward and ever onward were these cities of men's thoughts and hopes, their passions and desires, floating like cities built in the clouds; while in and out, backward and forward through these colossal buildings floated the mighty Genii whom I had so dimly seen at first.

(continued page 21)

Spirits are often unjustly blamed.

A Guide to Mediumship

and psychical unfoldment

E. W. & M. H. Wallis

CHAPTER VI.

OBSESSIONS: ITS CAUSES AND CURE

Continued from last issue—

Sensitives are apt to regard these inclinations and tendencies as due to the influence of the devil; or, if they have learnt a little of mediumship, they find a scapegoat in 'obsessing spirits,' instead of studying human physiology. Furthermore, in the early stages of their development mediums generally experience strange feelings and much mental and nervous excitement. The unusual activity and the curious sensations that are induced by the influence of the spirits upon them, together with the element of uncertainty, not un-mixed with fear, consequent upon the newness of the stirrings and impulses that are aroused in them, tend to unsettle the sensitives and cause them to imagine that the spirits wish them to do or say things which are in reality due

to their own disturbed conditions, and it is necessary that they should guard themselves against becoming too much engrossed or too enthusiastic, lest they should be carried away by their own desires.

It is frequently asserted by non-Spiritualists that mediumship leads to insanity, but experience shows that it more often *saves* people from the lunatic asylum by explaining the nature and causes of their perplexing sensations and teaching them how to acquire self-control.

True mediumship does not consist in abject passivity and self-surrender to a dominating mind, but it involves the cultivation of the spiritual faculties and the exaltation of the consciousness until the sensitive acquires the positive power to receive or reject impressions or influences that may impinge upon his psychic nature.

(continued page 28)

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

continued from page 19

Here there would be a Palace of blood red marble, its windows glowing like furnaces, its gates like white hot iron; around this there hovered myriads of Genii of the Blood Red Star of Revenge.

Beyond that there glittered the purple and golden Palace of Ambition, and next it the green and copper-tinted Palace of Envy and Jealousy.

Each Star and each passion had its corresponding Palace, which seemed to afford a dwelling place for the Genii of that Star. The glow of light that filled the valley was like prismatic waves, changing to every hue of the rainbow and suffusing the scene with first one glow of color and then

another.

I gazed on the strange scene with a mixture of wonder and delight as Palace after Palace was revealed to my sight. And then suddenly, even as I gazed, it all crumbled into dust. The walls of the Palaces were shattered as by an earthquake, and a foul swamp seemed to open and swallow them up. The radiant light gave place to a misty vapor, heavy and foetid as though it blew from an open graveyard, pestilential as from a plague stricken city of the dead. The heavy mist rolled on like a sea till it shut me in on every side, and wrapped me round as with a mantle of darkness.

CHAPTER III — THE DOWNWARD PATH & THE DARK ANGEL

As the darkness shut me in I heard a voice that I recognized to be the voice of Queen Artemisia, calling aloud and invoking curses upon my name. At the sound of that voice my recollection of the past and of my death grew suddenly clear. The memory of all my unsatisfied ambitions, all my unfulfilled hopes, all my many wrongs, my ruined life, my dishonored wife, my murdered

mother, my own untimely end, surged like a sea of passion across my Soul. Silhouetted like pictures traced in fire and blood I saw the events of my life thrown upon the dark screen of mist around me. The last picture of all was that of Artemisia as she sat beside my dying body and dabbled her hands in my life's blood.

(continued next issue)

The author describes the "foundations" of the spirit's home.

iscourses

from

The Spirit World

Dictated by Stephen Olin through Rev. R. P. Wilson, 1853

DISCOURSE VII

HEAVEN — THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE

Continued from last issue—

Such is the external appearance as presented by the first home, where the commingling spirits of earth congregate after leaving the earthly form, and where they associate together by the law of affinity, and find their place in those circles for which they are then prepared. Conceive of the vast expanse, extending from the external atmosphere of the earth, a sufficient distance to be disconnected from any agitating causes appertaining to that planet — and in this *expanse* belting the whole earth — and you have the first circle, or "foundation" of the spirit's spiritual temple. Above this circle, and surrounding it on all sides, is the second circle, and still onward all the others in succession are arranged. Thus the spiral path-

way of endless progression continually rises, threading the celestial universe with an ever-enlarging circuit.

To obtain a correct view of the second or spiritual sphere, you must consider the earth with all its variety when "spring puts forth her blossoms, and summer her beauty, and autumn her fruits." Only refine your ideas of the earth's grossness in correspondence to the refined nature of the spirit's structure and condition, and you will have at least an approximation to the reality. As the earthly summer presents a thousand attractive scenes and beautiful views for the gratification and comfort of its inhabitants, so does the ever-blooming, ever-fragrant home where spirits dwell. Do the dwellers on earth partake of the fruits of

DISCOURSES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

the earth; so likewise do the spiritual beings of the second sphere eat of the fruits that continually hang in rich clusters upon the boughs of the tree of life, situated on "either side" of the celestial river. Are earth's children delighted with the melody that flows from the "organ's pealing notes," and do they listen with delight to the sweet warblers that echo cheerful music in every gentle breeze? So do earth's disenthralled spirits chaunt to the divine melody of the "circling spheres," as they receive the influence of sweet sounds, pure affections, and celestial

harmony. Do the earthly children delight to travel from place to place, and often realize that their life is too short to visit half of earth's attractive scenes and pleasant shades? like them, the spirit borne

"With tireless wing,"
pursues its oft-repeated journeys: but, unlike them, no want of time or means prevents the spirit's view of every
*"Nook, and glen, and scene
of rarest beauty,"*

in the vast dominions of the home above. Does the delighted traveler ascend with weary footsteps some Alpine mount or place,

*Where lofty view may scan the wide domain,
Where rural sights and pleasing sounds unite
In one eternal round!
Where, from the highest summit, he descries
The distant town, the mountain range, the valley's
Varying course, the river's leaping tide;
And, father on, the distant spire of some
Devoted shrine and hallowed place, and from
The whole review drink inspiration and supreme delight.*

Then follow me and let me place thy feet on yonder distant mount of joyous view.

*Now look aloft, around on every object gaze—
View the minute, the highest, and the mean;
Extend thy vision far, and 'who are these'
That 'fly as doves' to their divine abodes?*

LOOKING AHEAD

continued from page 9

what anyone says, no matter what anyone does, remember, it's your thought, and because it is your thought, you can do something with it. You are no longer the helpless victim of circumstances, you are no longer the victim of the politics of the world, or the financial decisions of anyone because it's your thought and you can do with your thought whatever you choose to do. But first you must accept your right to your thought. If someone came to you and gave you a list of thoughts that you would be permitted to have in the course of any day, you would very soon rebel that someone beyond your power and control would dictate to you what thoughts you could have in the course of a day on any subject. And

All things are possible to all people who accept their divine birthright that God is within them.

yet, we sadly, willingly, and in error of ignorance permit experiences of our own past to dictate to us constantly that we may only have these types of thought in any particular area of our life. That, my friends, is what we have done to ourself, but we don't have

to continue on doing that. Just remember, those experiences of yesterday can only dictate what thoughts you can have as long as you let those experiences keep control of you. They only have control of us in the darkness and the errors of our own ignorance because we are not stopping and pausing to think — “why do I feel this way this moment?” And then we will see very clearly why we feel the way we feel. Through the law of association which is a natural law to the human mind, we relate all experiences to what has past and so we repeat those experiences again, and again, and again.

The moment you pause to think, the moment you declare the truth that it's your thought and you may do with your thought what you choose to do

... the only obstruction to the absolute awareness of the simplicity of truth, ... is the judgments of our own mind based upon the experiences of our own past.

by the very law of freewill, in that moment you will experience a great freedom. You will continue to experience that great freedom as long as you remind yourself moment by moment that it's your thought, and your feeling, and no one else but you can change it.



DIVINE HEALING PRAYER

I accept that the Divine Healing Power
Is removing all obstructions
From my mind and body
And is restoring me to perfect
Health, wealth and happiness.
My heart is filled with gratitude
For the Divine Law of Acceptance
That is healing both present and absent ones
Who are in need of help.
Peace, the power that healeth,
Is guiding my thoughts, acts and deeds,
As God and I go hand in hand
Living a life of joyful abundance.



VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME

continued from page 8

medium or seeing as a clairvoyant, is at all conscious of any such wondrous chemical transactions in the universe about him.

Concerning the problem of "waste and supply" in Nature there is an immutable law, which should first be consulted. The rate at which nervous motor sensibility travels in your body this moment is about one hundred and eleven feet per second! Of course this rate of motion is different at different times in the same person: and in different individuals the speed is variable, owing in all cases to the prevailing temperature, and to the nature and extent of the exciting cause. (Therefore thought, which is the result of sensation, is not inconceivably rapid.) In some circumstances the vital force can travel over a nerve at the enormous rate of three hundred and fourteen feet per second. Now couple

with this another fact, namely, that the universal familiar energy called electricity can speed away as stilly as a baby's breathing at the frightful rate of eighty-nine thousand five hundred miles per second, or more than three times around our great globe in a single beat of your pulse — with this fact, added to the first, can you not understand that it is just as easy for billions and trillions of tons of matter to hasten from the inexhaustible resources of the infinite immensity to the earth and to other earths, to the human family here and on other globes — just as easy, to say nothing of the scientific rationality of the proposition, as that a like quantity of refined and purified matter should emanate from the earth, and from the human family in general, and enter into the composition and deathless constitution of the supernal sphere?

(continued next issue)

*Like a leaf upon the water
You are tossed from shore to shore
Ever seeking something different
When but a leaf
You'll be evermore.*

—The Wise One

Spiritual Healing

by Patricia Graves*

God heals us through our acceptance of the Divine Neutral Healing Power of Peace. We already have the faith necessary to be healed. This faith that we have directed to negative thoughts which made us sick to begin with, can now be directed positively to peace which will heal us.

God is not a doer. This Neutral Divine Power doesn't do anything to us, or at us. This Divine Intelligence merely sustains our thoughts and we reap the harvest thereof. What we think, we attract into our lives and have to live with,

be it pleasant or unpleasant. All our experiences are up to us for we are the creators of our destiny. It is up to us what we will do with it for we have the choice to experience God's fulfillment, or to stay in self and constantly have the need of greed, which is total self-thought, the "thought of I."

When we think of "I," we are separate from the whole, the universe, God. Without the "thought of I," we can experience perfect health, wealth and happiness for we identify with the completeness of God, the whole. □

*I'd rather be a worm in the dust than a bird in the sky,
for 'tis better to be a soul that crawls
than a brain that soars to fall and die.*

—The Wise One

A GUIDE TO MEDIUMSHIP

continued from page 20

The strong yearings experienced by the bereaved who sigh

‘For the touch of a
vanished hand
And the sound of a voice
that is still,’

are frequently selfish and tend to hold the departed to the earth-conditions, thus setting up vibrations which may prove painful alike to the spirit and the mourner.

Culture Brings Pain as Well as Pleasure.

The opening of the avenues of spiritual perception and the quickening of the responsiveness of his inner self to psychic conditions, introduce the sensitive into a new realm of impulses, intuitions and experiences. The influences of places and people on this side, as well as on the other, impinge upon him and he grows conscious of sights, sounds, and sensations which he can neither name, account for, nor interpret. Like an Aeolian harp, that is stirred by passing vibrations, he may be responsive to the breath of love, or the gust of hate, the breeze of


pure desire or the storm of passion. These subtle ‘sensings,’ and their registration in his psychic consciousness, sometimes disturb, perplex, and annoy him, and in the rough and ready way of finding an easy solution for difficult problems, he attributes them to evil spirits, but does not explain them nor truly interpret their significance.

The training of the eye and ear to distinguish the shades of color and the nice gradations in sound, and the cultivation of the artistic power of attention to, and appreciation of, harmony, necessarily lay the individual open to the liability of being painfully affected by discords and inharmonies. The sensitive may expect to have to pay the same penalty for his development until he learns how to become master of his powers and inhibit all discords; to shut off, and out, those ‘suggestions’ and influences which rasp and injure him, while he invites those which are congenial and spiritually beneficial.

(continued next issue)

That that we free, frees us. That that we bind, binds us.

—The Wise One

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A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

continued from page 4

The very stones of the buildings and pavements seemed to me to ooze and drip blood. The air was thick with its red shade. Deep down below the crimson waters I saw the skeleton forms of the countless thousands who had met their deaths by assassination or more legalized forms of murder, and whose bodies had found sepulture beneath the dark waves. Below in the dungeons which honeycombed the city I beheld many spirits crowded together and like caged wild beasts — the ferocity of the cruel tiger in their gleaming eyes and the vindictive malice of the chained human tyrant in every attitude of their crouching figures. Spirits whom it was needful to thus confine since they were more ferocious than savage animals. Processions of city magistrates and their attendants, haughty nobles with their motley following of soldiers and seamen and slaves, merchants and priests, humble citizens and fishermen, men and women of all ranks and all times, passed to and fro, and nearly all were alike degraded and repulsive-looking. And as they came and went it seemed to me as if skeleton hands, phantom arms, rose through the stones of the

pavements from the dungeons beneath, striving to draw these others down to share their own misery. There was a haunted, hunted look on many of their faces, and black care seemed to sit behind them continually.

Far out in the waters of the lagoon spectral galleys floated, filled with slaves chained to their oars, but amongst them there were no longer the helpless victims of political intrigue or private revenge. These beings were the spirits of those who had been the hard task-masters, the skillful plotters who had consigned many to this living death. Yet farther out at sea, I could behold the great ships, and nearer at hand in the ruined harbor there were more spiritual counterparts of those piratical craft of the Adriatic, filled with the spirits of their piratical crews who had made plunder and rapine and war their delight, and who now spent their time battling with one another and making forays upon others like themselves.

Spectral-looking gondolas floated upon the water-ways of the city, filled with spirits bent upon following still the occupations and pleasures of their former lives. In short, in this Venice, as in the other cities I had seen,

(continued page 32)

Serenity Students

by Sandy Haeberle*

"Honesty is the best policy" for we understand that it is the very fiber of one's character. If we are not honest with others, we have not been honest with ourselves for we can never grant to another what we have not first granted to ourselves. A life built on falsehood and deceit is very empty for there is no reality to its substance. Let us examine why it is so difficult to be truthful.

It is only certain levels of our mind that wish to remain in control that allow us to lie or alter the truth. The soul does recognize that "truth crushed to earth shall rise again" and therefore we only injure ourselves with our deceit. But the mind hates to admit it was wrong so it will

continue to justify and cover the truth so it may rule. One lie calls forth another to support it and then another. Soon we have so many deceptions that we cannot see the truth for ourselves.

How can we know which direction to travel on the path and the difference between right and wrong when we refuse to face the truth. God sees all things and there are no secrets in the universe, so who are we really deceiving. In the moment of crisis when we are tempted to deceive even a little, let us remember that the only thing of any true value is the strength of our character and our eternal soul. Let us be true to ourselves — our higher selves. □

*Editor's Note — The SENTINEL extends its appreciation to the many students of the Serenity concept of Spiritualism who contribute their articles to this magazine, sharing their understanding with our readers. Student articles are recognized by an asterisk.**

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

continued from page 30

there existed a life akin to that of earth save that from this place all the good and pure and true, all the real patriots and unselfish citizens were gone, and only the evil left to prey upon each other and act as avenging spirits to their companions in crime.

Seated upon the parapet of one of the smaller bridges we found a man, wearing the dress of the Brothers of Hope — a dark grey robe such as I had myself worn in the earlier stages of my wanderings. His arms were folded upon his breast and his face was so far concealed by the hood that we could not see his features, but I knew at once that this was the man we had come to see, and I likewise recognized his identity as that of a celebrated Venetian painter whom I had known in my youth, though not very intimately. We had not met again and I was ignorant that he had passed from earth, till I saw him sitting thus upon the bridge in this city of Hell. I confess the recognition gave me somewhat of a shock, recalling as it did those days of my youth when I also was a student of art with all the fairest prospects in life, as it would seem, before us, and now to see him and to think what his life must have

been to bring him to this pass. He did not see us, so Faithful Friend proposed that we should turn aside for a little, while he told me this spirit's history, and then we could approach together and speak to him. It seemed that this man (whom I shall call by his spirit name of Benedetto, since his earthly one is better to be forgotten) had risen rapidly into fame after I knew him, and had been fairly successful in selling his pictures. But Italy is not now a rich country, and Benedetto's most wealthy patrons were the English and Americans who came to visit Venice, and at the house of one of them Benedetto met the woman who was to overshadow his whole life with her baneful influence. He was young, handsome, talented, highly educated, and of an ancient though poor family, and therefore naturally received by all the best society in Venice. It was to a lady who belonged to the higher ranks of this social sphere that Benedetto lost his heart, and dreamed in his youthful and romantic foolishness that she would be content to become the wife of a struggling artist with nothing but his brains and a growing reputation. The lady was scarce twenty when they first met, very beautiful,

(continued page 34)

In Our Thoughts

Brother
Francis M. Gelardi, Jr.
Isa Goodwin
Kathleen Graves
Scott Graves
Jonquil

Erick Othberg
Snowflake
Sunshine
Britta Uppstrom
Esther Yavneh

To send a helpful thought of joy and light to those you love who have passed to the higher life, list their names in this column. Donation of one dollar per name is requested.

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

continued from page 32

perfect alike in face and form, and endowed with all the charms which can enslave the heart of man — and she encouraged Benedetto in every way, so that, poor youth, he believed her love to be as sincere as his. But with all the passionate thirst of her nature for admiration and love she was cold, calculating, ambitious, and worldly; incapable of either understanding or returning such a love as she inspired in a nature like Benedetto's, which knows love or hate only in extremes. She was flattered by his attentions, charmed by his passionate devotion, and proud of having made conquest of one so handsome and so gifted, but she had no idea of sacrificing anything for his sake, and even when she was most tender, most alluring to him, she was striving with all her arts to become the wife of a middle-aged Venetian nobleman, whose wealth and position she coveted even while she despised the man himself.

The end of Benedetto's dream came all too soon. He ventured to lay his heart and all his prospects at the feet of his inamorata, pouring into her ears all the love and devotion of his soul.

"And she?"

"Well, she received it all very coolly, told him not to be a fool, explained to him how impossible it was that she could do without money and position, and, in fine, dismissed him with a calm indifference to his sufferings which nearly drove him mad. He fled from Venice, went to Paris, and there plunged into all the dissipations of that gay capital, striving to bury the recollection of his unfortunate passion. They did not meet for some years, and then Benedetto's fate took him back to Venice once more, cured, as he hoped, and prepared to despise himself for his folly. He had now become famous as a painter, and could almost command his own price for his pictures. He found that the lady had duly married the Marchese and was reigning as a society beauty and a queen of fashion, surrounded by a crowd of admirers whom she did not always feel it necessary to introduce to her husband. Benedetto had resolved to treat the lady with cool indifference should they meet, but this was not her intention. Once her slave, always so — no lover should dare to break her chain till she chose to dismiss him. She devoted herself once more to the subjugation of

(continued page 36)



Children's Corner



When we accept good things in life we are freed from self. When we are freed from self, we are in God.

Michael Field, Age 9

When you are thankful for something you have gratitude but if you are not grateful you will soon lose what you have. If you are grateful for what you have you will get more.

Stacey McKenzie, Age 9½

Dision accepts change but judgement does not accept change. I am the captain of my ship and the master of my destiny. We should have heart to heart talks with ourself. When we do we should be at peace.

Jaye Chillas, Age 14½

Personal Responsibility,
Is when you have a thought and you have personal responsibility you can control your thoughts, acts, deeds or feeling or being responsible for a commitment and you keep it, that means you have personal responsibility.

Lisa Toquinto, Age 11

Responsibility

My responsibility at school is working at what I want to do and doing what my teacher wants me to do without disturbing my classmates.

Teri Tyler, Age 5

I show my love for Christopher by playing with him and I like to play with him.

Heather Truitt, Age 2

In keeping with Serenity's policy to encourage expression by all its students, this column contains the unedited articles submitted by the children attending our children's philosophy classes.—Editor

A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

continued from page 34

Benedetto's heart, and, alas! that heart was only too ready to surrender when she told him, with every accent of feeling in her voice, how she regretted now the path she had chosen. Thus Benedetto became her unacknowledged lover, and for a time he lived in a state of intoxication of happiness. But only for a time. The lady tired of everyone after a little, she liked fresh conquests, new slaves to do her homage. She liked excitement, and Benedetto with his jealousy, his eternal devotion, grew tiresome, his presence wearisome. Moreover there was another admirer, young, rich, handsome also, and the Marchesa preferred him, and told Benedetto so, gave him, in fact, his conge for the second time. His passionate reproaches, his violent protestations, his vehement anger all annoyed the lady greatly; as she grew colder, more insolent towards him, he grew more excited. He threatened, he implored, he vowed he would shoot himself if she proved false to him, and finally after a violent scene they parted and Benedetto went home. When he called next day he was told by the servant that the Marchesa declined to see him again. The

insolence of a message thus given him, the heartlessness of the Marchesa, the bitter shame of being a second time trifled with and flung aside like an old glove, were too much for his passionate fiery nature, and he went back to his studio and blew out his brains.

"When his spirit awoke to consciousness it was to all the horrors of finding himself a prisoner in his coffin in the grave. He had destroyed his material body but he could not free his spirit from it, till the decaying of that body should liberate the soul. Those loathsome particles of that corrupting body still clothed the spirit, the link between them was not severed.

"Oh, the horror of such a fate! can anyone hear of it and not shudder to think what the bitter weariness and discontent of life, and a reckless desire to be free of it at any cost, may plunge the soul into. If those on earth would be truly merciful to the suicide they would cremate his body, not bury it, that the soul may, by the speedy dispersal of the particles, be the sooner freed from such a prison. The soul of a suicide is not ready to leave the body, it is like an unripe fruit and does not fall readily from the material tree which is nourishing it.

(continued next issue)

Ghost Land

RESEARCHES INTO THE MYSTERIES OF OCCULTISM

Translated and Edited by Emma Hardinge Britten, 1897

CHAPTER I — THE BERLIN BROTHERHOOD—FIRST SEANCE

Continued from last issue—

I could now write a folio volume on the interior disclosures which are revealed to the soul's eye, and which are hidden away or unknown to the bodily senses. I cannot pause upon them now, though I think it would be well if we would write many books on this subject, provided men would read and believe them. In that case, I feel confident, human beings would shrink back aghast and terror-stricken from crime, or even from bad thoughts, so hideous do they show upon the soul, and so full of torment and pain does the photosphere become that is charged with evil. I saw in one very fine gentleman's photosphere the representation of all sorts of the most foul and disgusting reptiles. These images seemed to form, as it were, out of his misty emanations, whilst upon his

soul I perceived sores and frightful marks that convinced me he was not only a libertine and a sensualist, but a man imbued with many base and repulsive traits of character.

What I saw that night made me afraid of crime, afraid to cherish bad thoughts or harbor bad motives, and with all my faults and shortcomings in after life, I have never forgotten, or ceased to try and live out, the awful lessons of warning I then learned. I must here state that what may have taken me some fifteen minutes or more to write, flashed upon my perceptions nearly all at once, and its comprehension, in much fuller detail than I have here given, could not have occupied more than a few seconds of time to arrive at.

By this time, that at which I now write, "clairvoyance," as the soul's perceptions are
(continued page 39)

FABLES for young and old

THE YOUNG MAN & THE SWALLOW

A young man who wasn't very bright was left quite a lot of money by his father.

He ran around with all the wrong people, drank too much and gambled till all his money was gone. So he took a walk.

Though it was in the middle of winter, it was a warm sunshiny day and a Swallow, not very bright either, thought it was spring and was gaily flying around.

The young man thought, "Well, this is nice, I don't need all these clothes," so he pawned them and bet all the money he received for them with gamblers again. Naturally he lost and he didn't have a

cent to get his clothes back.

Shortly after that he went to the same place for a walk. Everything was frozen stiff, including the swallow. So the young man said through his chattering teeth to the cold dead bird, "Shame on you for getting me into such a fix as this."

Of course, the bird didn't say a word.

The Point: We should never allow ourselves to be misled by foolish people, for there is no satisfaction for us in being able to blame our own foolish actions on foolish advisers.



NEWS & VIEWS

continued from page 12

"nothing is ever going on without that is not going on within," and that "we are an inseparable part of the whole." Thus, the missing link between our inner selves and our experiences, is our thoughts.

*1) "Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle," C. G. Jung, 1952

*2) "Synchronicity, Jung, and Self," *New Realities*, Vol. III, No. 2. □

GHOST LAND

continued from page 37

called, has become too common a faculty to interest the world much by its elaborate description. Thirty or forty years ago it was too much of a marvel to obtain general credit; but I question whether those who then watched its powers and properties did not study them with more profound appreciation and understanding than they do now, when it seems to be a gift cultivated for very little use beyond that of affording a means of livelihood, and too frequently opens up opportunities of deception for the quack doctor or pretended fortune-teller. But to resume my narrative.

I had not been long free from the fetters of my sleeping body and the professor's magical hand, when he bent down over my form and said:

"Louis, I will you to remember all that transpires in the mesmeric sleep; also, I desire that you should speak and relate to us, as far as you can, all that you now see and hear."

In an instant the wish of my childish life, the one incessant yearning that possessed my waking hours, returned to me, namely, the desire to behold my dearly loved mother, from whom I had

been separated for the past two years. With the flash of my mother's image across my mind, I seemed to be transported swiftly across an immense waste of waters, to behold a great city, where strange looking buildings were discernible, and where huge domes, covered with brilliant metals, flashed in a burning, tropical sun. Whirled through space, a thousand new and wondrous sights gleamed a moment before my eyes, then vanished. Then I found myself standing beneath the shade of a group of tall palm-trees, gazing upon a beautiful lady who lay stretched upon a couch, shaded by the broad verandah of a stately bungalow, whilst half a dozen dusky figures, robed in white, with bands of gold around their bare arms and ankles, waved immense fans over her, and seemed to be busy in ministering to her refreshment. "Mother, mother!" I cried, extending my arms towards the well-known image of the being dearest to me on earth. As I spoke, I could see that my voice caused no vibration in the air that surrounded my mother's couch; still the impression produced by my earnest will affected her. I saw a light play around her

(continued page 41)

THE PENETRALIA

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fraternity of worlds — each full of eternal, inherent, immutable essences, and replete with properties and principles which, while they secure obedience, also themselves obey; and then I contemplated the Heart of hearts, the Divine Cause, the Fountain Source of all these ponderous, manifold, and beautiful existences; how the Eternal Cause “acts to one end, but acts by various Laws” — unchangeable; the same yesterday, today and forever — a Being who lives and acts as far from the finite as I live and act from the Infinite; constitutionally and essentially without variableness, neither shadow of turning — perfect, without any of the weakness common to human nature, and not to be compared with man in any particular; impartial, an eternal effulgent Sun shining upon the just and unjust, without preferences; altogether lovely and attractive; whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are not as our ways; the

altogether Good, the altogether Great, the Everlasting, the Infinite.

Do the world’s theological teachings ever come before you, when thus meditating?

Yes; my meditations were as the foregoing, when my eye caught the following passage on a page of the New York Observer (for July 28, 1853), which painfully contrasted with my blissful thoughts:—

“The Patience of God.— There is no subject more wondrous than this ‘the patience of God.’ Think of the lapse of ages during which that patience has lasted — six thousand years! Think of the multitudes who have been the subjects of it. Millions on millions, in successive climes and centuries! Think of the sins which have all that time been trying and wearying that patience — their number, their heinousness, their aggravation! The world’s history is a consecutive history of iniquity, a lengthened provocation of the Almighty’s forbearance!”

(continued next issue)

***Jealousy is uneducated and uncontrolled desire,
followed by judgment and a complete denial
of personal responsibility.***

—The Wise One

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head, which, strange to relate, assumed my exact form, shape and attitude, only that it was a singularly petite miniature resemblance. As it flickered over the sensorium, she raised her eyes from her book, and fixing them upon the exact point in space where I stood, murmured, in a voice that seemed indescribably distant, "My Louis! my poor, far-away, deserted child! would I could see thee now."

At this moment the will of my magnetizer seemed to intervene between me and my unexpected vision.

I caught his voice saying in stern tones: "Do not interfere, Herr Eschenmayer. I do not wish him to see his mother, and the tidings he could bring from her would not interest us."

Some one replied; for I felt that the professor listened, though for some cause unknown to me then, I could not hear any voice but his. Again he spoke and said: "I wish him to visit our society at Hamburg, and bring us some intelligence of what they are doing there." As the words were uttered, I saw for one brief second of time my mother's form, the couch whereon she lay, the verandah, bungalow, and all the objects

that surrounded her, turn upside-down, like forms seen in a reversed mirror, and then the whole scene changed. Cities, villages, roads, mountains, valleys, oceans, flitted before my gaze, crowding up their representation in a large and splendidly furnished chamber, not unlike the one I had entered with the professor.

I perceived that I was at Hamburg, in the house of the Baron von S., and that he and a party of gentlemen were seated around a table on which were drinking cups, each filled with some hot, ruby-colored liquid, from which a fragrant, herb-like odor was exhaled. Several crystal globes were on the table, also some plates of dark, shining surfaces, together with a number of open books, some in print, others in MSS., and others again whose pages were covered with characters of an antique form, and highly illuminated. As I entered, or seemed borne into this apartment, a voice exclaimed: "A messenger from Herr von Marx is here, a 'flying soul,' one who will carry the promised word to our circle in B."

"Question him," responded another voice. "What tidings or message does he bring?"

"He is a new recruit, no
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adept in the sublime sciences," responded the first speaker, "and cannot be depended on."

"Let me speak with him," broke in a voice of singularly sweet tone and accent; and thereupon I became able to fix my perceptive sense so clearly on this last speaker that I fully realized who and what he was, and how situated. I observed that he stood immediately beneath a large mirror suspended against the wall, and set in a circular frame covered with strange and cabalistic looking characters. A dark velvet curtain was undrawn and parted on either side of the mirror, and in or on, I cannot tell which, its black and highly polished surface, I saw a miniature form of a being robed in starry garments, with a glittering crown on its head, long tresses of golden hair, shining as sunbeams, streaming down its shoulders, and a face of the most unparalleled loveliness my eyes had then or have ever since beheld. I cannot tell whether this creature or image was designed to represent a male or female. I did not then know and may not now say whether it was an animate or inanimate being. It seemed to be living, and its beautiful lips moved as if speaking, and its strangely-

gleaming, sad eyes were fixed with an expression of pity upon me.

Several voices, with the tones of little children, though I saw none present, said, in a clear, choral accent: "The crowned angel speaks. Listen!" The lips of the figure in the mirror then seemed to move. A long beam of light extended from them to the fine, noble-looking youth of about eighteen who stood beneath the mirror, and who pronounced, in the voice I had last heard, these words:

"Tell Felix von Marx he and his companions are searching in vain. They spend their time in idle efforts to confirm a myth, and will only reap the bitter fruits of disappointment and mockery. The soul of man is compounded from the aroal life of elementary spirits, and, like the founders and authors of its being, only sustains an individualized life so long as the vehicle of the soul holds together and remains intact. If the spirits of the elements, stars, and worlds have been unable during countless ages to discover the secret of eternal being, shall such a mere vaporous compound of their exhaled essence as the soul of man achieve the aim denied to them? Go to, presumptuous ones!

(continued next issue)

✦ **humor is the salvation of the soul** ✦

I have always been among those who believe that the greatest freedom of speech is the greatest safety, because if a man is a fool the best thing to do is to encourage him to advertise the fact by speaking. It cannot be so easily discovered if you allow him to remain silent and look wise, but if you let him speak the secret is out and the world knows that he is a fool.

—Woodrow Wilson

The Living Light Philosophy: What comes out of the mouth reveals man's character, not what goes in.



SERENITY EVENTS

DINNER PARTY: FEBRUARY 16, 1980 at 6:30 p.m.

All members and friends of Serenity are especially invited to attend the annual BIRTHDAY PARTY on Saturday, February 16 at the American Legion Log Cabin. The social hour begins at 6:30 p.m. A wonderful menu of old favorites has been planned.

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